

THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

No. 146.

MADOC (HASTINGS CO., C.W.) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

PRICE TWO CENTS

Confederation Within a Year!

A good deal has been said about Confederation at the various entertainments which have been given to the visitors from the Lower Provinces, in the course of their flying trip through Canada, but not so much as may yet be expected. It is announced by Mr. Brown, President of the Council, that unless Confederation should be carried in "a very few months," the Coalition government he took an active part in forming, will "break up." The fact is, he is fast losing his old hold on the Reform party, and is in danger of forfeiting their confidence altogether, so a fresh agitation must be got up on the question of the Union of the Provinces. It will take some time to alter the details of the Quebec scheme so as to meet the views of its opponents out of this Province; and while that discussion is going on, even should it extend beyond a few months, or an entire year, there will be a plausible excuse for neither breaking up the Cabinet nor introducing the measure for the federation of the Canadas.—We select a few of the more recent utterances in favour of confederation, and pre-empting its speedy accomplishment:—

At the luncheon given to the Hon. John A. Macdonald at Ottawa, on Thursday of last week, in replying to the toast of the evening, he alluded to the struggles Mr. Cartier and himself had undergone in behalf of Ottawa, and said it was something like poetic justice that he should be the first minister of the crown to receive its greetings. Their work, however, was one of pleasure, and their reward was success and such meetings as this. He then went on:—

"But it is not merely the transfer of the seat of government from Quebec to Ottawa—I don't look upon that as of much importance—it is not merely the transfer of the capital of Upper and Lower Canada that is of much importance. That transfer involves much greater considerations. Ottawa is the metropolis of one-third of the continent of North America, as sure as I address you, sir, so sure will all the provinces, as surely will Ottawa be united, and so sure as they are united, so surely will Ottawa be the capital of the country, extending from Ottawa to the North Pole. And you have seen the result of the cession of Her Majesty, Canada is already the future of Ottawa is so great that one hesitates in speaking of it as calculating as to its prospects. Then, again, just as surely as Ottawa will be the capital of all British North America, just as surely as it will be the capital of all the British possessions in America—just as sure as the Legislature is settled here and carried out this great scheme of connecting Lake Huron with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, just as sure as the subject has presented itself to the attention of colonial public men, but it has impressed itself also upon the attention of British statesmen. It is a great pleasure—it is a pleasure that few statesmen have seen the seed that they have planted fruitfully into the fruits of their labours; but the Government having felt it their duty to urge the union of all the British American Provinces against all comers excepting, of course, Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, it will be our pleasure to see that grand scheme carried to full fruition. We shall see it before another year has passed. You may read in the papers about obstructions to one colony or another, but I do not speak of obstructions, or of the book, when I say that the union of all the Provinces is a fixed fact, and that Ottawa is the metropolis to all these colonies is equally a fixed fact. (Much cheering.)"

It will be observed that the Attorney-General West appears to speak rather slightly of the "obstructions in one colony or another," and, unlike Mr. Brown, on the occasion referred to last week, volunteers no concessions to the malcontents. But, after all, he is equally pledged to make them; for at the Ottawa luncheon, in replying to the toast of the health of Mr. Cartier, he said:—

"Drinking the health of my friend Mr. Cartier is like drinking my own. We are the Swiss brothers; we are the Siamese twins. * * * What he thinks I think, whatever he does I do, whatever he does I am responsible for, and whatever I do he is responsible for."—

Mr. Cartier at the banquet to the visitors in Montreal on the 28th ult., when the latter said he—

"Wished his friends from the Lower Provinces to understand that Canadians were possessed of loving hearts and had a great

affection for the Lower Provinces. Canada was a suitor for those Provinces, and it was not to be wondered at that at the first proposition there should be a few objections. So it was in private life; a suitor for the affections of a lady frequently met with objections, but when the union should be consummated they would have the greatest love for each other. (Laughter.) And he could tell the people of the Maritime Provinces that Canadians had such great love for them that they were determined to press their suit. (Cheers.) Objections had been made, but the Canadians had resolved upon removing all objections to the Union. (Cheers.)

At the Montreal entertainment, Mr. Lynch, of Nova Scotia, denied that the measure had been forced suddenly upon the Maritime Provinces, and said the project must take place sooner or later. Confederation was sure to take place, and like the ear of Juggernaut, those who attempted to obstruct it would be crushed beneath its weight.—Mr. Tilley, of New Brunswick, attributed the hearty welcome he received, though holding no official position, to his having fallen whilst trying to bring about a union of the Maritime Provinces with Canada. He fully believed confederation would yet take place, and he was not in the least disheartened.—Hon. Mr. Whelan, of Prince Edward Island, candidly confessed there was a very large number in the Maritime Provinces opposed to the scheme. Notwithstanding that, he believed it would yet be adopted. There was no middle position for the Maritime Provinces. It must be either confederation or annexation.—Hon. Mr. McGeie also asserted his firm conviction that British Americans must either surrender to the United States, or unite together for the common good.

The precise mode in which our Government propose to overcome all opposition is not yet known. It is, however, reported by Mr. Hathaway, a member of the Government of New Brunswick, who recently visited Canada, "that in less than a month's time New Brunswick will have a more favourable offer from Canada than any involved in the Quebec arrangement." The Halifax Citizen, however, intimates that Canada will only, in effect, say to the Lower Provinces, "If your opposition is to the details of the proposed scheme, and not to a union of any kind among the British American Provinces, propose to us some basis of union, and we will consider it." The Citizen also says that the feeling of hostility created by the arrogant manner in which the abettors of the Quebec scheme sought to carry it out, is stronger to day in Nova Scotia than it was a year ago.

The St. John (New Brunswick) Telegraph says it is now stated that there is a probability of Lieutenant Governor Gordon returning to New Brunswick a good Confederate, his interviews with the leading statesmen of England having satisfied him of the necessity for a Federal Union of these colonies. It will be remembered that Governor Macdonnell has already effected a change of base in Nova Scotia, and is desirous of remaining there to assist in promoting the policy of the Imperial Government. Perhaps Mr. Gordon may be influenced by the same motive in declining "promotion" of the Hong Kong description.

From Europe.

The steamship America, from Southampton on the 30th ult., arrived at New York on the 1st inst.

The cattle plague was increasing. The London cow-houses were decimated.

The Army and Navy Gazette says that Donald McKay, the celebrated ship-builder, of Boston, U.S., is in close communication with the Admiralty on the torpedo subject. The authorities intend laying torpedoes in the channels leading into the harbours.

The Liverpool Albion says that Mr. Benjamin, ex-Confederate Secretary of State, intends to join the English bar.

The Prussian government has issued a proclamation announcing the assumption by the King of Prussia of the title of Duke of Lauenburg, and the annexation of Lauenburg to Prussia. The King promises to carry on the government of the Duchies in conformity with existing laws.

Bismarck is created a Count.

A Brussels letter to agents abroad censures the German powers, and says force alone is the power which has been consulted and recognized. Violence and conquest are the only basis upon which Austria and Prussia had established the convention.

England deeply deplores the disregard manifested for public right and legitimate claim of the Duchies to be heard when the question affects their destiny.

Russia officially declares she will maintain a non-intervention policy in Schleswig-Holstein matters.

The Canadian steamship Belgen, from Liverpool on the 21st, via London, arrived on the 22nd ult., passed Father Point on the 2nd inst.

There were no new developments in the crusade against the Fenians. The examination of the prisoners stood fixed for the 23rd.

James Murphy, one of the men arrested at Dublin, who described himself as a citizen of Boston and protested against his arrest, had been set at liberty, after, says the Freeman, an interview between this American consul and the authorities. It is stated that Murphy is connected with the War department at Washington, but no explanation is given of his connection with the suppressed "Irish People."

As the 8th Regiment was on parade in Cork barracks, the Sergeant-Major was called into the guard-room, and shown a roll book of members' names taken from an arrested Fenian. The Sergt-Major admitted that one of the signatures was his, and was at once taken into custody. A private belonging to the same regiment was also arrested. This caused great excitement in Cork, even leading, it is reported, to a run on a Cork banker.

A Fenian demonstration was rather expected at the Limerick races, and the military were held in readiness, but it passed off quietly.

James Stevens, for whom a reward of \$1000 is offered, was aide-de-camp to Smith O'Brien at Ballynagarry.

The American officer arrested at Queenstown on the arrival of the city of Limerick, turned out to be a Federal and not a Confederate captain, named McCaffery.

The arms of Brig-Gen. Gleason, of the United States army, who was also a passenger on the City of Limerick, were taken from him.

Two Fenian arrests have occurred in Manchester, and one in Sheffield.

New York, Sept. 29.—Additional intelligence from Ireland states that the Fenian excitement increases, and grave apprehensions are entertained. It is reported that men in the English army are boasting of their connexion with the Fenians, and the signs of disaffection in the army cause the English papers to demand the rigid enforcement of discipline. Fears are entertained that soldiers from the U. S. army will be landed on the coast of Ireland, and a report has gained credence that a body of disbanded United States soldiers had already landed near Galway. Nightly drillings were frequent over all parts of Ireland. The conspiracy was rapidly spreading, and finding friends and sympathisers wherever it went.

The Universal News, a London paper supported by Irish Roman Catholics, thus disposes, in indignant terms, of the prime movers in the Fenian folly: "We detest, and, what is more, despise the creatures who are talking of war with the gravity of philosophers and the impudence of prize-fighters, who know that war is impossible. Fancy Ireland in arms, and think of the short work that would be made of the rising! A thousand gibbets would have their thousand victims. And where, we beg to ask, should we look for the men who had incited and urged their countrymen into unprofitable bloodshed? Possibly, standing with a devil's leer on their faces, at the other side of the Atlantic. Let the 'row' come, and those sublime apostles of irrational resistance will make themselves as scarce as pears in January. We have had some experience of them, and know how nobly qualified they are to take the part of Bob Acres."

Pears have been so abundant in England, this year, that they have been sold at the rate of "4lb. for 2d." They have been cheaper than potatoes.

THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.
A Weekly Journal of Local and General Information.

Will be Published every Saturday Morning, at Two Cents a Copy, or One Dollar a Year, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS FOR CASH:—

Six lines, first insertion	0 50
Each subsequent insertion	0 12 1/2
Six to ten lines, first insertion	0 70
Each subsequent insertion	0 16
Above ten lines (per line) first insertion	0 07
Each subsequent insertion, per line	0 02

All Communications for the MERCURY to be addressed (post-paid) to A. SMALLFIELD, Madoc Post Office.

For sale at WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL, Madoc, where Subscribers in and near the village may obtain their copies, and orders for the paper and advertisements will obligingly be received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE YEARLY OR QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The Hon. James Morris M. L. C. died at Brookville on Friday, 29th ult., at the age of 77. Mr. Morris had held the office of Postmaster General, and Secretary of the Legislature of Canada, and was a life member of the latter hon. body. Mr. Morris was through life a consistent adherent of the reform party.

Colonel Sir, Lezer Grenfell, succeeded as a rebel convict for his participation in life on the 13th of June, has been sent to his destination. The unfortunate convict was, however, an officer in the British army, and is highly connected in England. He served with distinction in the Canadian army, and was known as one of the most dashing officers in the cavalry.



THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7

THE PROMISED GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

In answer to numerous inquiries as to when Sir William Logan might be expected to make his appearance here to prosecute the survey of the mineral deposits of North Hastings, required by the Government before further steps will be taken in the matter of the grant of public land in aid of the Railway to Belleville, we publish the following:—

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Quebec, 2nd Oct. 1865.

SIR.—The Provincial Secretary requests me to inform you that he has had a personal interview with Sir William Logan on the subject of your letter of the 26th ultimo, and that Sir William has promised to make every effort to send a competent person this fall to make the desired survey of the Rear Townships of Hastings.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant, E. A. MEREDITH,
Assistant Secretary.

The Hon. L. W. Bridge, Speaker Legislative Assembly, Belleville, U. C.

From the above it is clear that the Hon. L. Wallbridge is not, as has been alleged, responsible for whatever delay there may have been in the matter, but has taken energetic steps to expedite the survey; and the result is, that Mr. Mac Farlane, of the Geological Department, a gentleman who is reported to be thoroughly competent and in every way qualified for the duty, has been selected to perform it. He passed through the village on his way to Tudor yesterday, and will return to Madoc next week.

The ultimate construction of the Railway, we believe to be mainly dependant upon Mr. Mac Farlane's being able to make a favourable report of the extent and value of the mineral resources of this and the surrounding district; and we therefore earnestly call upon

all who are in favour of the enterprise, and who have reason to suppose that they know of the existence of such deposits, to come forward at once, and point them out to Mr. Mac Farlane.

MADOC FAIR AND CATTLE SHOW.

The Fifth Annual Fair and Cattle Show of the Township of Madoc Branch Agricultural Society was held at the usual place in this village on Thursday, the 5th inst.

The Society is now in a comparatively flourishing condition—twenty additional members having joined it during the past year. An increasing interest in the annual exhibition appears to be manifested, for while there were only 28 competitors in 1864, the number of members who entered the lists for prizes this year was 48. The number of entries of articles in all classes was proportionately still greater, being 401, or almost exactly double that of last year. The entries were as follows:—Cattle, 41; horses, 39; sheep, 28; swine, 5; grain, 70; roots and field crops, 37; garden produce, 39; dairy produce, 35; domestic manufactures, 34; farming implements, 26; and finey work, 24.

The large number of entries and the excellent quality of the grain was the most noticeable feature of the show; and the display of root crops fully sustained the reputation of this locality for that class of produce. We observed, however, with greater interest, the samples of apples exhibited, which went far to disprove a rather prevalent opinion that it is almost impossible to raise that delicious fruit in perfection in this township. We speak only of their appearance at the opening of the show; for at a later inspection, we discovered that the most tempting had disappeared, excellent judges of the article having disposed of them in the most appropriate manner. We should be glad to see the Directors of the Society endeavouring to promote fruit-growing to a greater extent, by offering more and better prizes, even if it is done by putting down or cutting off entirely, the premiums for articles which have only been purchased by the exhibitors. It should be the aim of these societies to introduce new classes of produce that would remunerate the farmer, quite as much as to bring together an assortment of articles they would be sure to obtain or raise, if no prizes were ever offered for them.

The President, JOHN TASSIE, Esq., announced the successful competitors as follows:—

GRADE CATTLE.—Judges, H. Cook, John McCoy, Alex. Nicholson.—Bull, 2 years, G. McGaughey; H. Robinson; W. West. One year, John Bateman; T. Vankleek. Bull calf, S. Bacon; W. West; Thos. Robinson. Milch cow, A. Anstee; (2nd prize referred to division of Dr. cows for correction of error.) Calf, John Bateman. Heifer, 2 years old, John Bateman; Joe Bateman; John Bateman. Heifer, 1 year, N. H. Bristol; John Tassie; A. Anstee. Oxen (work) yoke 6 years old and upwards, E. Franklin, J. Nicholson; W. Blair. Yoke of Steers, 3 years old Thos. Thompson.

HORSES.—Judges, Mark Runnins, W. Blair, John Brown.—Stallion kept for Mares in Township, 1st and 2nd, Thos. Hart. Draught Horse, span, Peter Vankleek; G. McGaughey; R. P. Young. Carriage Horse, span, W. H. Carpenter. S. Barron, Jas. Blair. Stallion, 2 years old, 1st and 2nd, John Bateman. Colt, 3 years, J. B. Ketcheson, Joe Bateman. Colt, 2 years old, John Gordon, W. Blair. Colt, 1 year old, Thos. Connors, G. W. Rose.

SHEEP.—Judges, D. Campbell, D. Nicholson, John McCoy.—Best Ram, Leicester, H. Robinson; A. Anstee. Best Ram, common, C. Kirk. B at 2 Ew. Leicester, 1st and 2nd, C. Kirk. Best 2 Ewes, common, C. Kirk; W. West. Best 2 Ewe Lambs, Leicester, C. Kirk; A.

Anstee; H. Robinson. Best 2 Ewe Lambs, W. West. Best Ram Lamb, Leicester, A. Kirk. Best Ram Lamb, common, W. West.

SWINE.—Judges, same as for Sheep.—Best Sow, Joe Bateman; C. Kirk. 2 Spring Bateman, John Brown.

GRAIN.—Judges, Alex. McCallum, John C.iel Ross.—2 bushels Fall Wheat, H. Robinson. Tassie, D. Campbell. Two bushels Spring, Fife, S. Bacon, John Brown, W. Blair. Two Barley, G. W. Rose, John Brown, D. Campbell. Two bushels Rye, H. Robinson. Two bushels Robinson, James Moore. Two bushels small, S. Bacon; Thos. Blair. Half Bushel 1st, —; 2nd, W. Vankleek. One bushel 1st, —; 2nd, Thos. Blair; D. Nicholson. Corn in the ear, Yellow, James Moore, H. Robinson. One Bush Corn in the ear, White, John T. Nicholson.

ROOTS AND FIELD CROPS.—Judges, Lym William Irwin, A. F. Wood.—One bushel white, Henry Elliott. Thos. Blair. One bushel reds, T. Blair, S. Bacon. One bushel Marino, T. Blair, James Moore. One bushel Swedes, S. Bacon, T. Rogers. One dozen C. Gordon, G. D. Rawe. Half dozen Beets, G. D. Rawe. One dozen Tomatoes, A. B. Ross. Gaughey. Premium recommended on Squash, G. D. Rawe, L. Moor, A. B. Ross.

GARDEN PRODUCE.—Judges, same as for roots. Two heads of Cal. cabbage, W. Vankleek, L. Moor. One head Yellow or Red Onions, from seed, G. D. Rawe. One peck Onions, from tops, G. D. Rawe. One peck Top Onions, G. W. Rose. Twelve Table Apples, S. Bacon, G. McGaughey. Premium recommended on Celery, D. Rawe, L. Moor, A. B. Ross.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Judges, J. O'Hara, A. Anstee, Thos. Hart.—Ten lbs. Butter, G. McGaughey, N. H. Bristol, J. Blair. Ten lbs. Butter, in print, J. B. Ketcheson, T. Blair. E. E. Twenty lbs. keg of Butter, G. McGaughey, W. Blair, S. Bacon. Cheese, not less than 10 lbs. Hart. Maple Sugar, 10 lbs. W. Blair, John Gordon.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.—Judges, Robert S. G. W. Rose, Peter Vankleek.—Lumber Wag, Simmons, W. Caldwell. Democrat, N. H. Bristol, L. Moon. Buggy, L. Moon, W. H. Carpenter. Sleigh, W. Caldwell. Cutter, W. Caldwell. Gray. One set Double Harness, R. P. Young; Gaughey, G. W. Rose. One set Single Harness, G. W. Rose. One set Horse Shoes, 1st and 2nd, W. Caldwell.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.—Judges, T. McCallum, T. Brankell, Dr. Elmer.—Ten yards Flannel, G. W. Rose. Ten yards Flannel, T. Blair, N. H. Bristol. Ten yards Flannel, warp, G. McGaughey; (2nd prize referred to division of Dr. cows for correction of error.) Ten yards Flannel, striped or plaid, T. Blair, G. McGaughey. Do, undressed, N. H. Bristol, G. McGaughey. Horse-made Carpet, W. Rose. Woolen Socks, W. Blair, S. Bacon. Two pairs M. Bacon, G. McGaughey.

Prizes for Discretionary Articles will be awarded on the 14th inst.

The Show was generally well attended, and best yet held.

Madoc Township Council.

TOWN HALL, Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1865.

Present:—A. F. Wood, Reeve; W. Ward, I. Reeve; S. Reed, W. Blair, and J. Tassie, Council. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Reeve called attention to the fact that of those who had purchased seed grain had not yet received the notice published, that it was paid for as soon as the 1st of October; and he suggested that the time for payment to the treasurer should be extended for a fortnight.

A resolution to that effect was accordingly passed and carried.

Mr. D. Campbell stated that he had seen in the paper that he was appointed collector of all taxes by the first Monday in October, at 2 1/2 per cent, but that he declined to do it at that rate unless he was allowed the commission on what was paid.

whether collected by him or not, after that date, nor that the time was extended.

The Council then adjourned for an hour. On re-assembling, some small accounts were ordered to be paid, and a resolution was passed directing the Collector to make a complete return of his Rolls for 1865, by the 14th of December; and that the taxpayers should be notified that all taxes must be paid within fourteen days after notification by the Collector.

The commission on this collection of over-land seed grain accounts was fixed at three per cent, with the understanding that Mr. Campbell could undertake the collection if he chose to accept that rate.

The Council then adjourned till the last Monday in December.

THE WEATHER.—With the commencement of the month of October a marked change has taken place in the temperature. The long-continued heated term has come to an end, and at sunrise on the morning of the 1st, the mercury in the thermometer stood exactly at freezing point. The next morning, at the same time, it was two degrees below, and ice formed on the edge of the shore of Hog Lake. The season continues remarkably dry, and the fall rains still holding off, the roads are—a most unusual thing at this time of the year—in as good a condition as in the height of summer.

CHARGE OF TRESPASS DISMISSED.—(Before A. F. Wood and W. Ward, Esqs.)—*S. muel Taber* was charged by Wm. MacBeath with committing a trespass on the 21st ult., by cutting timber for his poles. In examination, it appeared that there was a question of title involved as to the land on which the alleged trespass took place—and the case was therefore dismissed, the complainant—who had refused the offer of defendant to settle for the poles—having to pay costs, amounting to the sum of \$6.05.

To the Editor of the Madoc Mercury.

THE EMPORIUM OF THE NORTH,
Madoc, 2nd Oct., 1865.

We are sorry to find, in your last issue, that your editorial notice, allusive to our establishment, had invited invidious remarks from the business men of this place.

We are unwilling to believe, however, that the notice, so important, whoever he may be, conveyed a sentiment of any considerable number of the merchants of Madoc. For we are convinced that our views of mankind, and business especially, are enlarged to allow them to entertain feelings of indignation at the special notice of a journalist regarding our business premises.

The injustice that could be disturbed by a matter of this kind is manifestly too weak for the association of this place.

It is just possible, that the success which has attended our business efforts is the remote cause of his displeasure, and our recent enlargement of premises provokes him to give expression to an envious mood. Be this as it may, we are confident that the individual aggrieved has in no wise contributed to our business progression, and his awakened wrath will have little influence beyond the precincts of his own imagination.

Yours, most truly,
DEANS & GRAY.

The twenty days' service at the military camp of instruction at Laprairie has expired, and the men will now return to their ordinary vocations.

LATER FROM EUROPE.—The steamship Persia, with European news to September 24th, arrived at New York on the 3rd inst.—If quiet throughout Ireland at latest dates. A gubboat continued to cruise off Cork, looking out for a vessel reported to have cleared from America with arms.—The Times editorially backs up the Fenian movement to contempt as ridiculous and utterly insignificant in proportion; but says it is something to have it clearly shown that the American government rejects all that participate in which Fenians fondly expected.—The Army & Navy Gazette does not believe in the troops being in contact with Fenianism, and says they are stationed on

sound military principles in the event of a rising, and number 26,000 men, besides 1,000 armed police—

The Liverpool Telegraph publishes a report that the American bark Hannah arrived here from Cardenas was overhauled at sea by an armed screw steamer carrying the Fenian flag. The captain of the ship pronounces the story a hoax.—*Latest*, Liverpool, Sep. 24.—The Fenian prisoners were all remanded yesterday at Dublin for a week. They will be tried together. Arrests continue. Among the latest are a merchant tailor in Dublin, named D. Quife, and a stationer in Liverpool, named Arch-leason. Treasonable documents in their farms were found in both cases.

The Emperor of Austria has issued an important manifesto to his people, solemnly guaranteeing them their right to participate, through their representatives, in legislation and the conduct of finances.

THE FENIAN REPUBLIC.—The New York Times of Monday says:—The steamers City of Boston and Erin, which sailed from this port on Saturday, are said to have taken out \$1,000,000 in bonds for the use of the embryonic Irish Republic. It is currently reported that as soon as these bonds reach Ireland they will assume a more definite form, and a proclamation also printed here will be spread broadcast throughout the land, and so well guarded is every avenue that there is no possibility of the British government obtaining the documents, or of interfering with the plan of distribution. It is claimed that the bonds have nearly all been subscribed for, and many of them by people whom the government least suspect. On the other hand, the British government claim to have knowledge of the shipment of the bonds, and have an agent on board the steamer in question, who will at the proper time seize them and turn them over to the home government. In all probability both these steamers will be thoroughly searched before going into Queenstown, or at least before any passengers or freight are allowed to land. War vessels are by this time stationed at Queenstown for this express purpose. The weather horizon begins to look diry, and the British government are preparing to meet the storm which has been gathering for the last nine years. The issuing of these bonds and their shipment is a fact well attested, and is one of the steps which show the direction of the wind.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAXES! TAXES! TAXES!

THE COUNCIL of this Municipality have directed the COLLECTOR to make a complete return of his Rolls for 1865 by the 14th of DECEMBER next, and TAXPAYERS are hereby notified that ALL TAXES MUST be paid to the Collector at or before the end of the FOURTEEN DAYS' notification.

By Order of Council. J. R. KETCHESON, T. CLERK.
Office, Town-Hall, Madoc, Oct. 2nd, 1865.

Belleville and Marmora Railroad.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that APPLICATION will be made at the next Sitting of the Provincial Parliament to an ACT to incorporate a Company to BUILD A RAILWAY from BELLEVILLE to MARMORA by way of the Villages of Sweet Bridge, near Madoc, or otherwise, and for a GRANT of Public Lands, to aid in the construction thereof.

BELLEVILLE, 18th September, 1865.

I further give notice that I shall be present and place said Act, when read the Upper House, in the name of some Member of the Legislative Assembly, who will not deceive me and surke the Bill.

BILLA FLINT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO ME are hereby notified to call and settle up before the 24th N. VERBET next. And All Persons having any Claims against me are requested to Present them forthwith for settlement, as I am about to leave the neighbourhood.

ROBERT ALON.

Lot No. 13, 1st Concession of Elzevir.

DR. NICHOL,

AN EXPERIENCED HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, may be consulted at his residence on Pinnock's street, opposite the old Wesleyan Church, Belleville, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. each day. During the past eleven years, Dr. Nichol has paid particular attention to Chronic Diseases, and he has made a special study of Diseases of Children.

Patients suffering from either Acute or Chronic Diseases, seen at their own homes, are required.

Belleville, June 26th, 1865.

North American Hotel, Madoc.

W. HUDGINS

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that his new Hotel, erected on the site of the old stand is now finished and completely furnished and ready for the reception of guests. THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL is quite equal in all its arrangements to any first class hotel in any village in Canada. A Good Table and Stables attached to the premises. All the Liquors are of the very best quality and brands. Fine Ale and Porter always on draught.

NORTH HASTINGS. JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed at the
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With Neatness and Dispatch.

SUPPORT THE LOCAL INSTITUTIONS!

DR. J. S. LOOMIS,

Of McGill College,

HAS OPENED AN OFFICE in the Village of MADOC, in Mr. WEISS'S New Building, opposite WILSON'S Medical Hall.

All Calls will be promptly attended to.

MEDICAL HALL.

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C. G. WILSON,

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FOR SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

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DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,

MARRIAGE LICENSE AGENT,
MADOC.

J. R. KETCHESON,

Township Clerk.

Will be at the TOWN HALL, MADOC, every SATURDAY, to attend to the business of the Township.

Mr. GREAM,

Solicitor and Attorney of the Chancery and Law Courts of England

Conveyancer, Coroner, &c.

JAMES FITZGERALD,

ATTORNEY AND CONVEYANCER
MADOC.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET,

THE HOUSE on the North side of KELLAR'S BRIDGE.

It is well adapted and situated for a

GENERAL STORE,

Being eight miles distant from the Village of Hastings, on the new Grand Trunk Road. Six Acres of Land attached.

For TERMS, inquire at the Madoc Office.

C. E. RANKIN,

Provincial Land Surveyor,
Civil Engineer, &c.

Office: Hudgins' Hotel, Madoc.

MADOC MARKET PRICES.

SATURDAY, October 7, 1865.

ASHES	\$ 5 cwt.
BARLEY	50 cents.
OATS	30 cents.
WHEAT, white	\$1.25.
Do. mixed	\$1.
RYE	42 cents.
PEAS	55 cents.
HOPS	50.
FOUR	\$ 1 bbl.
BUTTER	15 p. b.
EGGS	51.
HAY	\$7 per ton.

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Fall Wheat, white, 60¢; do. do. Spring Wheat, 50¢; 60¢; 60¢.
Rye, 25¢; 25¢; 25¢.
Barley, 30¢; 30¢; 30¢.
Hops, 50¢; 50¢; 50¢.
Potash, 25¢; 25¢; 25¢.

THE HOUR FOR ME.

FROM "WOOD WORDS."

I'll sail upon the mighty main—but this is not the hour—
There's not enough of wind to move the bloom in lady's bower.
Oh! this is not the time for me: our pretty bark would take
Her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a lake.
There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to meet the eye;
The ripple sleeps; the sun is up, all cloudless in the sky.
I do not like the gentle calm of such a torpid sea;
I will not greet the glassy sheet—'tis not the hour for me.

But now the night breeze freshens fast, the green waves gather
strength.

The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its length;
Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick, let her heavier slip.
Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship.
Away, away! what vector spray she flings about her bow!
What diamond dash in every splash that drips upon my brow!
She knows she bears a soul that dares, and loves the dark
rough sea;

More sail! 'Tis, let, let her fly! this is the hour for me.

RAFFAELLE SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

(Concluded.)

To recover himself cost the young artist the greatest effort he had ever made in his life. The major conducted him towards the lady whom he had already seen, and who was introduced to him as the mother of Emily. In a very short time Raffaelle found himself surrounded by the relatives and friends of the young lady, whom he had no more idea of surmounting than of allying himself, matrimonially, with a squaw of the Choctaw Indians. Raffaelle felt himself somewhat of a culprit, as he stood there receiving congratulations and loaded with marks of respect and friendship from the well-bred people congregated in a house wherein he had no better claim to be present than a burglar. In an excess of embarrassment Raffaelle turned in search of his military guide. He was resolved to put an end to an affair which was rapidly becoming too serious and too alarming for any man of delicacy to prolong by his silence. The major, taking him aside into a recess of one of the spacious windows, cut short the first efforts of the artist to carry out his honourable intention.

"Tut, tut," said he, with true military promptitude, "not a word, my dear Smith. I repeat, your arrival makes me the happiest man alive!"

"But, my dear—your niece—"

"My niece thinks as I do, sir, and as her mother thinks. Mr. Smith, just imagine what we felt when we heard that a train had been run into only a few miles from Cokerhampton—several carriages smashed, sir—and, had you been in that train, my niece would have lost a fortune of fifty thousand pounds."

The perplexed Raffaelle could only repeat the numerals in reply.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," continued the major, "fifty thousand pounds, sir. For to-morrow the date given in my old Cousin Lucy's will expires."

"To-morrow the date given in your old cousin Lucy's will expires!" was all that Raffaelle could repeat.

"To-morrow at twelve, sir! But that stupid dog, Charles, should have told you all this. But perhaps he has only very imperfectly explained to you my cousin's extraordinary will."

"Very imperfectly," replied Raffaelle.

"Well, I will furnish you with all the details. You must know that my cousin died a year since, leaving a sum of money amounting to fifty thousand pounds. Now that sum was left to my niece, Emily, on the express condition that she should be a married woman a year and a day after the date of the testator's death,—failing in which, all the property goes to charities. We loved Emily too much to force her into a hasty and distasteful union. Emily has never yet met one on whom she could bestow her loving heart. Time went on, and we were on the point of resigning the brilliant fortune which had been left to her on such extraordinary conditions, when, a few days since her brother Charles suddenly wrote to us, 'Emily shall be married before the appointed time!' We at first received this intelligence as idle pleasantry; but Charles spoke of you with so much admiration—he drew such a favourable picture of your disposition—he spoke in such a touching manner of the brotherly love which had united you and him since your school days, that my sister and myself consented to render Emily rich and happy. You know the rest, my dear Mr. Smith. Charles sought you—he offered you the hand and heart of his sister, which you accepted—and in a few hours you came here to be my dear nephew and the husband of our dear Emily. Yourself, Emily, her mother, Charles and myself, are all to whom the secret of this impromptu marriage is yet known. In order to keep up appearances, we have told every one that you and Emily have known each other since the time of her spending some

months in London, a year since; and that for a length of time you have been soliciting her hand. Hence you see why sister and myself pretend to hail you as an old acquaintance from the first moment of your entering the house. That is the story, my dear nephew."

At the instant when the major had concluded his speech, and when the artist was about to avow, with exemplary frankness and honesty, that he was not the real and expected Smith, there arose a great commotion in the drawing-room.

"Hasten, my dear friend," cried the major, "hasten to give your hand to your future wife at the altar. The carriages are at the door!"

Raffaelle reflected a moment. 'If I speak out now,' he said to himself, 'I bring trouble, scandal and despair upon this excellent family. I must tell the truth to the major when we enter the carriage—feign the illness—anything to save my honour.'

The major, little suspecting what was passing through the mind of the young man, whose arm was in his own, conducted him to a seat in an elegant brougham, which was drawn up, with several other vehicles, before the door of the villa. Raffaelle Smith was an honest man, and his conscience revolted at the act he was about to perform. He leaned forward and clutched the hand of the major, who sat opposite him, with a cold and convulsive grasp. He could scarcely stammer out, in a low voice,

"I must speak out before we proceed a step further!"

The pallid features and trembling voice of the young artist alarmed the old man.

"What is the matter?" he cried, "what can you have to say at such a moment as this?"

"Sir," said the artist, "I am not the man whom you expected."

The major fell back on his seat as if struck by a cannon shot.

"You are not Mr. Smith?" he cried in a choking voice.

Hereupon the painter related, with loyal frankness, the incidents which had conducted him to the home of Emily's mother; the error which had kept him there to the moment of his introduction to the guests in the drawing-room, and the real, though apparently trivial, motives which had prevented him from proclaiming the truth.

"Ah! sir," cried the major, in despair, "what shall we do now? What step can we take? My niece is ruined! And that is not the worst, her reputation is compromised—lost!—as well as her mother's and my own! Before more than twenty persons we have all three declared that we knew you some time. How can we retract those words without drawing upon ourselves the most terrible ridicule and scandal? This will kill my niece, sir?"

"I am ready to do anything," said Raffaelle. "How can I repair the misfortune of this fatal mistake?"

"It is too late!" cried the major. "There is no way of saving ourselves!"

At this moment the coach pulled up at the church door.

"What is to be done?" inquired the artist, as he alighted at the door of the sacred edifice.

"My dear sir," answered the major, whose military decision seemed to be restored, "this is to be done: you must marry my niece. It is true you are a stranger to me; but so is my nephew's friend. The manner in which you have just spoken to me, tells me that you are a man of honour. Hasten, sir!—take Emily's hand!—but, remember, not a word of this to any one; it is a secret between us both."

And with these words the major hastily pushed Raffaelle into the church. In a few moments the artist stood before the altar, beside a young and beautiful girl of twenty, whose face wore an expression as tender and pure as that of a Madonna painted by one of the old masters of Italy. She was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful. She cast up her eyes at the approach of the young artist; her glance, at first timid, became in an instant more reassured as she saw what a handsome, and more than all what an open, honest face looked upon her own. As the major afterwards declared, it might have been seen by any one that the emotions and blushes of both Raffaelle and Emily clearly betokened an affair of love at first sight.

The marriage was celebrated, and the ceremony was followed, to the great joy of the bridegroom, by a splendid repast. The major took advantage at a favourable moment to slip out, so as to intercept his nephew Charles, with his friend, the other and original Mr. Smith. He met them in a hotel in the neighbouring town of Cokerhampton. He learnt that both had been passengers in the train which had been run into. Charles had escaped unharmed, but his friend had received a severe injury.

The major told all to his nephew. Poor Smith

No. 1, after lying for some time in a dition, at length recovered, and was in back to London, without making any pretence to the marriage, to which a common form and the accidents of steam had given rise. At first wanted to lodge the contents of a loaded Colt's revolver in the breast of his brother-in-law; but after a few months' hands warmly with the man whom he dearly loved by his sister, and soon devotedly attached to him as he was to the school days.

Raffaelle is an excellent husband. He made this pair more happy than thousands spent time and thought in choosing. Her husband, Raffaelle Smith, adores her; he is very careful never to tell her he was for a dinner."

VARIETIES.

The bill-sticker's motto—Application. Ice that doesn't cool you—not much!—mer solst-ice.

A crusty old bachelor says women should whim-en.

Jones wants to know whether the liberal press is proved by having your pocket full of crowd.

An advertisement lately appeared, headed "bedsteads and bedding." We suppose the like sheet iron.

"Did you ever shave a monkey?" inquired a comb of a barber's boy. "No, sir," replied "but if you'll be pleased to sit down, I'll try." Brown's experience of mankind inclines him to believe that the path of rectitude had been trodden a little of late years that it had completely run.

Church, the artist, is said to be engaged in a "waterfall" which recently attracted his in Broadway.

A western exchange says "A young lady, city, a short time ago, in a fit of desperation, herself to a limb—of the law."

At an examination, at a seminary for young one of the pupils was asked as follows: "Mr. Martin Luther died a natural death?" "No," replied—"He was excommunicated by a bull."

The British Cabinet must possess a mysterious far-reaching power, if we may credit the statement, put forth by the London correspondent of an American paper: "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and I presume their two children—thanks to Lord Palmerston and a liberal Cabinet have followed the Queen to the Continent."

An amusing incident occurred at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, during the representation of Girardin's new piece "Les Deux Sœurs." The actors, which should be discharged in the course of the piece, simultaneously missed fire. Notwithstanding this mishap, the combatants by whom the were used fell in the orthodox manner as mortally wounded. The effect is said to be intensely ludicrous.

NATIONAL WIT.—Italian wit is highly spontaneous, genial. Among its provokers are dog carns its living by wagging its tail." "You yourselves all honey, and the flies will devour." "The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of a man by the tongue, is sure to come off blundered."—The characteristic of Spanish wit is excessive stateliness. Of their proverbs, "He who nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a woman." "From many children and little bread, good deliver us."—French wit is characterized by facility, dexterity, point, brevity. In repartee French are unrivalled. Their conversation is only an art, but a fine art. In punning, they are equalled. In no literature are there so many verbs which speak disparagingly of the fallow." "A woman conceals only what she knows." "To get chickens one must coax the hen."

AN OLD FOLLOWER OF JOHN WESLEY.—The London Chronicle announces the death of Mrs. C. H. Walsley, of Ribblesdale, in the 99th year of her age. Her parents were the first to embrace the doctrines of John Wesley, on his visit to Preston, preached in her father's house the first class-leader in the Wesleyan connection in Preston, and she herself was christened by John Wesley, on the occasion of his second visit to Preston.

concerned." * * * I am satisfied that my constituents will say that I acted in their interest, and with proper judgment. For outside croakers I care not a pin. * * * I think I may justly ask my slanderers to acknowledge that the prospects of this county ever having a railway never looked so bright."

To the Editor of the Madoc Mercury.

MADOC, Oct. 9th, 1865.
SIR,—Messrs. Deans & Gray are evidently mistaken when, in their communication of last week, they give that the merchants of Madoc are envious of their success. Whatever feeling may have been created by you—in passing over others that you will admit have some claims to notice. But when learning since that the material for the notice and payment for it were furnished in a regular business way by Messrs. D. & G.—the right to puff themselves in that or any other way they please is conceded at once.

M.

CAPTURE OF A GANG OF COINERS.—It has been known for some time to the inhabitants of the Western part of the County, that certain individuals were engaged in "making money"; but the popular belief was, that those persons had discovered a silver mine in the back country, and were making their surreptitious coinage of genuine metal. This belief being fostered and maintained by the circumstance of the coiners abstaining from circulating their spurious money in this quarter of the province, if indeed they passed any of it in Canada. Information of their doings having been received at the seat of government, Detective Armstrong, who so cleverly broke up the Hamilton gang of thieves, was sent down to look after them and has been since the 25th September in the neighbourhood, laying the snare in which he has taken his birds at last. His proceedings may be briefly related as follows:—Representing himself as Dr. Stracian, of New York, he managed to get acquainted with some of the gang, and pretended to want a quantity of their manufacture to send to one of the other side; under this pretence he got two of them, James Quackenbush of Seymour, and Andrew Potter, of Trenton, to meet him on the 1st of October at the Hotel, in this town, where they were arrested by himself and Captain James, and lodged in goal.

Armstrong and Capt. James then went out into the country and meeting another of the culprits, named H. S. S., on the road near Frankford, arrested him, and Capt. James brought him into Belleville. Armstrong went on, and on the following day caught in other two, Samuel Bailey and Renard Quackenbush. Capt. James then went and searched the others house and found their press, weighing upwards of 300 lbs., with the screw and dies wrapped up in a cloth. The screw of the press had been previously concealed under the flooring of the Sidney Hotel.

The prisoners were examined before Smith Bartlett Esq. P.M., on Saturday, when Bailey was admitted to bail, and the others were remanded until Saturday the 14th inst., when their final examination will take place.

The press, dies, &c., are of first rate workmanship, and some specimens of their handiwork are close copies of the current coin, even to the milling around the edges, and well calculated to deceive the unwary.

We are informed that James Quackenbush has already suffered in prison in the state prison, at Trenton, for a similar offence, and is reported to be completely adept in the art of counterfeiting.—Independ.

TAXES! TAXES! TAXES!

The Napanee Ledger office was entirely consumed by fire on Thursday last, as well as a frame and a stone building beside it.

The Toronto express train ran into a freight train on the main line of the Grand Trunk railway, at the Stratford station, at 7 o'clock on Friday morning last. Davenport, the driver of the freight train, was killed, and the fireman, Downley, died of his injuries. Ryan, the signal man at the station, was committed for trial for manslaughter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in Madoc Post Office up to the 30th September, 1865.

Bateman & Brown
Brown, David
Bradshaw, David
Bradshaw & Co
Bateman, Wm
Butterworth, Mrs
Chisholm, M
Corning, H H
Derry, Robert
Da mige, Anson
Egan, Thos
Emery, Daniel
F. x. Wm (3)
Fitzpatrick, John
Ferguson, R T
Gollham, Mrs H
Greene, Thos
Gibson, R H
Hayes, Miss Nancy
Hall, R G
Higgins, James
Huguenin, Mr
Hyland, E
Hogg, Wm

Howe, Alex
King, Robert
Kelly, John
McLoy, Jacob (2)
McKnight, Jas Wm
Martin, David
McAdie, Wm
Mackintosh, M (2)
Mihoney, M
Munroe, L
Maynes, John
Laffin, Jas
Rennie, Wm
Itio, Alex
Rikley, Jno
Short, W B
Smith, Al x
Toid, Fortune (2)
Witcher, Rev Jas
Wannamaker, W H
Wannamaker, M
Whitney, C R
Young, Raley A
Young, Nancy J

Parties calling for Adorised Letters will please ask for such.

A. F. WOOD, Postmaster.

PROCLAMATION!!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12th,
H. A. F. WOOD, Esq. being appointed by His Excellency the GOV. GENERAL, to act as

DAY OF THANKSGIVING

FOR THE ABUNDANT HARVEST.

I would respectfully call upon the people of the TOWNSHIP of VILLAGE of MADOC to render it due observance, and to abstain from the purpose of paying due respect to the command of His Excellency, but also to return thanks to a kind Providence for the many mercies rendered in an abundant Harvest, and for Peace and Plenty in all the Land.

A. F. WOOD,
Keece of Madoc.

Madoc, Oct. 7th, 1865.

Belleville and Marmora Railroad.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that APPLICATION will be made at the next Sitting of the Provincial Parliament from BELLEVILLE to MARMORA, by way of the Villages of Tweed, Bridgeview, and Madoc, or otherwise, and for a GRANT of Public Lands, to aid in the construction thereof.

Belleville, 15th September, 1865.

BILLA FLINT.

I further give notice that I shall be careful and place said Act, when passed the Upper House, in the hands of some Member of the Legislative Assembly, who will not deceive me and Burke the Bill.

BILLA FLINT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO ME are hereby notified to Call and Settle up before the 20th NOVEMBER next. And All Persons having any Claims against me are requested to Present them forthwith for settlement, as I am about to leave the neighbourhood.

ROBERT ALOAN.

Lot No. 18, 1st Concession of Elzevir.

DR. NICHOL,

AN EXPERIENCED HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, may be consulted at his residence on Pine Street, opposite the old Wesleyan Church, Belleville, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. each day. During the past seven years, Dr. Nichol has paid particular attention to Chronic Diseases, and he has made a special study of Diseases of Children. Patients suffering from either Acute or Chronic Diseases, seen at their own homes, if required.

Belleville, June 28th, 1865.

North American Hotel, Madoc.

W. HUDGINS

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that his new Hotel, erected on 2nd street of this town, is now finished and completely furnished and ready for the reception of guests. THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL is quite equal in all its arrangements to any first class hotel in any village in Canada. A Good Yard and Stables attached to the premises. All the Liquors are of the very best quality and brands. 4th Floor and Porter always on draught.

MEDICAL HALL.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

NORTH HASTINGS.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed at the

"MERCURY"

OFFICE, MADOC.

(The Only Printing Establishment in the North Riding.)

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SUPPORT THE LOCAL INSTITUTIONS!!

Dr. J. S. LOOMIS,

of McGill College,

HAS OPENED AN OFFICE in the Village of MADOC, in Mr. WEISS'S New Building, opposite WILSON'S Medical Hall.

All Calls will be promptly attended to.

FOR SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

At Publishers' Prices, Call At

WILSON'S DRUG STORE,
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,

MARRIAGE LICENSE AGENT,
MADOC.

J. R. KETCHESON,

Township Clerk,

WILL be at the TOWN-HALL, MADOC, every SATURDAY, to attend to the business of the Township.

Mr. GREAM,

Solicitor and Attorney of the Chancery and Law Courts of England)

Conveyancer, Coroner, &c.

JAMES FITZGERALD,

ATTORNEY AND CONVEYANCER
MADOC.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET,

THE HOUSE on the North side of KELLAR'S BRIDGE

It is well adapted and situated for a

GENERAL STORE,

Being eight miles distant from the Village of Hastings, on the new Gravel Road to Tudor. Six Acres of Land attached. For TERMS, inquire at the Madoc Office.

C. E. RANKIN,

Provincial Land Surveyor,
Civil Engineer, &c.

Office, Hudgins' Hotel, Madoc.

MADOC MARKET PRICES.

SATURDAY, October 14, 1865.

ASHES	0 0 per cent.
BARLEY	40 48 cwt.
OATS	30 cents.
WHEAT, white	61.25.
Do, mixed	\$1.
RYE	42 cents.
PEAS	45 cents.
HIDES
PORK	5 75 bbl.
BUTTER	10 00 b.
EGGS	54.
HAY	87 per ton.

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Fall Wheat, white, 6s 21 97. 6d. Spring Wheat, 6s 21 97. 6d. Oats, 3s 21 97. 6d. Barley, 4s 21 97. 6d. Peas, 6s 21 97. 6d. Butter, 6s 21 97. 6d. Hay, 8s 21 97. 6d. Potatoes, 4s 21 97. 6d.

ATRA CURA.

Horses: landlord, and six good pair.
To bear the old Lord tack to town.
Far from the broad lands, gay with clover,
Far from the rolling grassy down.

Mount, postillions, and spur us fast,
Till all the nags are lathered with white.
For our Lord is weary of country pleasures,
And must be in his opera box to-night.

Look back through the carriage window:
There is our yellow and wizened Lord;
He's trying to sleep in the padded corner,
And close by his side there lies his sword.

Now the coverts are racing past us,
Fir plantations, ricks, and folds,
Holts and orchards, and waves of hills,
And ploughlands, and fallows, and thirsty wolds.

Flieg the horses, postboys, faster!
Let us fly like a ship before the wind.
In the heart of these dull old country manors,
The old hag, Care, we have left behind.

The downs are growing small behind us:
The hills recede. Ha! soon we'll see
The black dome rising above the city,
That boils below it angrily.

Yes; now we're almost close to London.
The Saints above us! It's all in vain,
For close beside our sleeping master
There sits the old black hag again!

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

It was a wild winter's night, and we, six in number, were seated around a genial bright fire in my uncle's cosy sitting-room. We had come from our homes to spend Christmas with him, and a merry time we had passed. Christmas had gone and our visit had been protracted far beyond our original intentions.

Uncle Richard and his wife, Aunt Jenny, were great favourites with us. They had no children of their own, and were always glad to have any young people visit them, and happy enough were we to avail ourselves of the privilege.

On the night in question, after tea was finished, we were gathered in the sitting room. Aunt Jenny was sitting by the table on which rested the lamp, sewing, and Uncle Richard was gazing abstractedly into the fire and listening to the storm as it howled around the house, and shook it to its foundations.

"What a fearful night," said Aunt Jenny, after a long silence. "I was thinking just now how we should make it pleasant for you, my dears. What shall we do?"

"I have it," said I, quickly. "Uncle Richard shall tell us a story."

"A story," said my Uncle, looking up from the fire. "I am afraid I shall have to refuse you, Nellie, I have no talent for story telling."

"We can't let you off," I exclaimed. "A story we must have, uncle. Tell us one of your own adventures. You know you have been a perfect Sinbad in adventures."

Uncle Richard scratched his head, and laughed. "How would you like a love story?" he asked.

"The very thing. Let us have one, by all means," was the unanimous reply.

"Well, then," he said, with a comical glance at Aunt Jenny, "I'll tell you how I won my wife."

"Now, Richard," began Aunt Jenny, blushing.

"Never mind, my dear," said my uncle; "it will interest them, and he added, with a laugh, it may give them some hints by which they may profit hereafter."

Uncle Richard stirred the fire, and then setting himself comfortably in his chair, told us his story.

"You must know, my dear children, that when I was a young man I was what is generally termed 'very late.' I don't think I was as bad as most young men, or even as the majority of them; but nevertheless I was looked upon by good, steady people, as a dangerous companion for their sons. I was not long acquiring this reputation, and it clung to me long after I deserved it. I began to mend my ways when I was about twenty-five, but I was more than thirty, before I got credit for being a better man, and it was during this time that I met your aunt. It was a case of love at first sight; something by the way, of which you young ladies are fond of hearing, but which I am powerless to explain. It was real, honest, true love, though, and she was worthy of it."

Uncle Richard's eyes wandered over to where his wife was sitting and meeting there an answering smile, wandered back to the fire and he went on.

"We first met in a party, and after that very frequently. I determined to be a better man, and to fit myself for the new life to which I aspired. Jenny saw my efforts and encouraged them. Her father, however, did not believe in my good intentions, and was so fond I wanted to marry his daughter, that I had a hard time with him. Just after I became his son-

in-law, I never had a better, truer friend. The old man is gone now, and I hope he is happy. The old gentleman had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and had carried his military discipline into his family; and he was very strict. He was, in addition to this, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and was not at all disposed to regard any short comings with leniency. One morning I was sitting in my office, getting ready to go into court, when in walked old Major Shorter.

"Good morning, major," said I, "take a seat."

"He returned my greeting, and took the chair to which I pointed. He sat there for at least five minutes, regarding me with a fixedness that made me feel uncomfortable. When he had finished his inspection he placed his stick in front of him, and leaning his chin on it, looked at me steadily, and said in an abrupt manner:

"Richard Sturgis, I have called this morning on a matter which was unpleasant to me, and which we had better settle at once. Tell me frankly what is your motive in visiting my daughter so frequently?"

"To be frank with you, Major Shorter," I replied boldly, "I am very anxious to make her my wife."

"Humph?" muttered the old man, shortly, "I thought so. I suppose you intended to speak to me about this matter?"

"I did, sir, but not for some time yet."

"Well, then, you must save yourself any further trouble about it, for I'll give you my answer now. You can't have her."

I rose to my feet in astonishment.

"I suspected your motives," continued Major Shorter, "and I thought it best to come here and let you understand the matter before it is too late. I love my daughter, Mr. Sturgis, and I have no idea of seeing her ruin her happiness by marrying a dissipated man."

"I assured him that I had abandoned my old habits and was leading a new life, but it was in vain; the old man would not believe me, and our interview ended in a quarrel and my being forbidden his house. I had certainly made a bad beginning, but I was by no means discouraged. I had not said anything to Jenny about the state of my feelings, and I determined to do so at once. I had an engagement to meet her at a friend's and accompany her home that evening. During the walk, I addressed her and was accepted. I told her all that had passed between her father and myself, and she, dear girl, was indignant at her father's course. It was plain that I could not visit her at home as usual, and we set to work to devise a plan for our future meetings. The major was a regular attendant upon the Wednesday night prayer meetings of his church, and was generally absent about two hours. Besides meeting at the houses of our friends, we agreed that I should visit her at home while her father was absent at prayer meeting. This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like everything human, broke down at last. One night Jenny and I were easily chatting in the parlour, when we heard the rattle of a latch key, in the front door. Jenny sprang up in alarm.

"There's papa," she exclaimed, "what shall we do? You can't get through the back way, and he is at the front door."

My first impulse was to rush by the major, and upset him if he got in my way; but a moment's reflection convinced me that this would never do, and just then I heard the front door closed and locked. My resolution was taken in a moment.

"Open the parlour door," I said to Jenny, in a whisper, "and do nothing to arouse his suspicion." Jenny opened the door and I placed myself behind it. As I did so, the major entered the room. I trembled in every joint; if he should shut the door I should be discovered. I had not thought of this when I selected my place of concealment.

"Shut the door, Jenny," said the major, as he came in.

"O no, papa," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "it's so warm in here that I want the air;" and she pushed the door back so far that she nearly crushed me.

"Warm!" said the old man, sharply, "warm! You must be dreaming. It is freezing out of doors."

"I'm gone," I thought, and I prepared myself for a scuffle.

"However," said the major, "it may be warm here, for you have a terrible fire in that stove. You may leave the door open."

A load was taken from my mind. The old man sat in the parlour for at least half an hour, and that time he devoted to abusing me, and telling Jenny about my impudence in wanting to marry her. Sometimes I was indignant at the injustice of his remarks, but as a general thing I could scarcely restrain my laughter. My position was a trying one. I was compelled to get up as close to the wall as possible, in order to avoid attracting the major's atten-

tion, and to breathe as lightly as I could. The draught which came in through the crack of the door produced a constant inclination to cough, and in mortal dread lest I should yield to it and myself. The half hour seemed to me like years instead of so many minutes, and I was beyond description when I saw at last the door get up and leave the room. As he went out he bowed after him, and as we heard him ascend the stairs to his chamber, Jenny and I broke into a hearty laugh.

"You are safe for the present," she said, "but must go away at once. It will not be prudent for you out at the front door, as papa will hear you must go out at the window."

The window was raised softly, and giving Jenny a kiss, I sprang out of it. I had scarcely touched ground when I was seized by the collar, and a voice demanded to know why I had left the house that way. Looking up, I found myself in the arms of a watchman. While I was hesitating what Jenny, who had heard the question, said to the watchman:

"It's all right, policeman; the front door-keeper been misplaced, and the gentleman had to leave the house through the window."

"Who are you?" asked the watchman.

"I am Miss Shorter," she said, "and the gentleman is Mr. Sturgis, a friend of my father."

"If you say so, miss, I suppose it's all right; the watchman, releasing me; but," he muttered, he turned away, "it's very queer to do business that style."

The next morning, before I left my office, I received a visit from Major Shorter. Declining offer of a seat, the old man came up in front of my desk, and looking me straight in the face, sharply:

"Richard Sturgis, you were at my house last night. I'm sorry I did not know it, for I would have given you the punishment your impudence deserves."

I began to explain the matter, but he cut me off. "Never mind," he said, "it's over now, and it will be helped. Don't try it again, for I warn you I'll be on the watch for you."

He turned abruptly and left me. I certainly rather sheepish, but I determined not to be outdone. I was determined to marry Jenny, and he was resolved that I should not, and from all appearances the struggle bade fair to be a hard one.

(To be concluded next week.)

VARIETIES.

Hot bread is said to be like the caterpillar, for the reason that it is "the grub that makes the butter."

A London merchant recently advertised for a person who could "bear confinement." He received an answer from a person who had been upwards of thirty years in jail.

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady who he hoped to marry, "do you intend to make a fortune?" "No," replied the lady, "Nature has made me the trouble."

At a recent church fair, a set of Cooper's was promised to the individual who should answer a certain set of conundrums. The winner received a set of wooden pails.

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears clipped?—they are entirely too long for a man." "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be clipped—they are too short for an ass."

A pair of white dwarf elephants, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, have been brought to London from India. Barnum has secured one of them, and it is now on its way to America.

It is proposed to purchase the cottage in Milton completed "Paradise Lost," in order that it may be preserved as a memorial of the poet, situated in Chalfont St. Giles, a village in Bucks. Hampshire.

There is a good story of a lady of unfortunate acquisitive habits, to the effect that she was on one occasion so affected by the preaching of a clergyman, that she borrowed a sovereign from her neighbour, and put it in her pocket.

The term Fenian is derived from the Fenian Fianna. In the antiquated Gaelic it is written as Fian. It was a name given to an order or class of personal soldiers among the pagan Irish, long before the Christian era. In ordinary times the Fian consisted of three legions. In each legion were thousands of men; but in war there were usually legions.

THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, CHASINGS CO., C.W. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21 1845. PRICE TWO CENTS

From Europe.

Canadian steamship Nova Scotian, from Liverpool, arrived at London on the 6th, passed on the evening of the 15th inst. The publication by the American press of the alleged holders in England of the Confederate loan, had caused some excitement. Mr. Lister, the Liverpool papers to say that he never was interested in any of that stock. The leading article, terms the list a malicious lie, and says the statement that the editor of the Star is a loser by Confederate stock to the amount of £10,000 or more money is a complete fabrication. The injurious and insulting comments the Star has based upon original falsehoods, are entirely unfounded. No reproach is so great for the levity which admits such imputations, on the general authority of the New York Times, and then makes them the theme of affected indignation. The Morning Star having included Mr. Lister in the list and called on him for explanation, publishes the following laconic telegram from Mr. Lister to the editor of the Star:—I see my name on the Confederate loan list. Please to rectify it.—The Hon. Evelyn Ashley writes to the Star that at no time had he any share or interest in the Confederate loan.—Mr. Ridout, proprietor of the Post, writes to that journal that he never had and never applied for any of the loan, and that rest of the list be like that which refers to him, is no dependence to be placed upon it. Meeting had been called at London of persons interested in such of the old American securities as were in arrears previously to or in consequence of the war, with a view of forming a committee. The committee in respect to which this agitation is commenced are bonds of Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee, and South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, various railways and banks in those States, the value of which represent a very heavy amount. Important American torpedo experiments took place at Chatham on the 4th inst., under the direction of Donald McKay and Mr. Beardslee, in the presence of the lords of the admiralty. Numerous operations took place, the most important being the detonation of the old sailing frigate Terpsichore, a gun ship. The torpedoes were placed at the depth of seven feet below the vessel's keel. When the electric spark was communicated, there was a loud report, the vessel quivered, and in a few minutes settled on an even keel. Not a splinter was shot into the air. The examination of the Fenians at Dublin was concluded on the 2nd. The additional evidence developed nothing new of any moment. Five of the prisoners were committed for trial for high treason. The prisoners defied the imputation that an indiscriminate slaughter of the higher classes was ever meditated. Arrests continued in various parts of the interior. The total number in all places was about 200. A suspicious vessel bearing the American flag, and supposed to be one of those expected with arms, had appeared off Queenstown, but she again put to sea. A strange vessel was said to have sent a letter on shore which was opened and found to contain a bill for £10,000 in favour of a member of the Fenian organization. The annual meeting of the Social Science Association is in session at Sheffield.—Lord Brougham presiding. It was stated that the British government proposed to guarantee the Canadian loan for the purchase of the Hudson's Bay territory. The new steamer Jura, of the Cunard line, had arrived in the Mersey and would take her place in the regular service on the 21st of Oct. The British revenue returns were highly satisfactory. The reduction was very slight, notwithstanding the heavy reduction of taxation. Lord Palmerston is recovering from his attack of gout. There is said to be some other complaint which will prevent his ever again assuming the leadership of the House of Commons. General Langewie, the dictator of Poland during the late insurrection, is at present in London.

In the report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners just issued, it is stated that while writing their report, one thousand guineas was paid by one individual as "conscience money" for unpaid income tax, and in a former year they received eleven thousand pounds on the same account from one person.

The Princess Royal of Prussia, our Queen's eldest child, has had a narrow escape. Travelling with her husband by an extra train near Frankfurt, their carriage was smashed in. Happily, no one received any bodily injury. Not a word has been said about it in the local papers.

LEARNING THE ANIMAL PAINTER.—John Frederick Horning died on the 23rd ult. at Mowbray park, Tunbridge, Kent, in the 71st year of his age. He was of Dutch descent and was entirely self-taught. When nineteen years of age he witnessed the St. Leger, at Doncaster, when he formed a strong desire to paint the winner. He did so with marvellous success, and for thirty-three years in succession he painted the winner of that race. Meanwhile he was four years on the road as a coachman, and was well known as the driver of the celebrated coach, the "York and London Highway." This employment he abandoned on the representation of Mr. F. Hawkswood, who promised him that if he would give up driving he would ensure him employment for twelve months in painting hunters and hounds. Among his best works are his "Return from the Fair," "The Derby Day," "The Market Day," a "Horse Fair," the scene of which is laid in a country village. His Majesty, has eight horses painted by him, and he has painted horses for many of the leading personages in France. He was for many years a prominent member of the British Institution, where many of his earlier works were exhibited.

THE FENIAN FIZZLE.—The delay which took place in the examination of the prisoners confined in Dublin Castle is said to have been partly owing to the superabundance of testimony voluntarily offered against them. There are so many leaky vessels in the Fenian ranks, so many eager betrayers of the enrolled and sworn brotherhood, that the Government was embarrassed in the pick and choice of its witnesses.—The American papers which have chucked at the blow impending over England, are launched against her, in imagination, a score of avenging Alabamas, are now fain to throw ridicule upon the whole movement, and raise hollow laughs at those symptoms of alarm which have had existence only in their own countries.—The originators of the scheme in the United States are still keeping up the money-making farce, and are holding a National Convention of Fenians at Philadelphia, which is sitting with closed doors, but about which "most exciting" rumors are set afloat. One is, that a plan for a provisional government or Irish directory will be urged, with authority to issue bonds, commission privateers, &c. Important private advices are said to have been received in cipher by the steamer at Father Point.

A New York paper says that a number of detectives have arrived from London, with special instructions to keep an eye on the Fenians, who, it is understood, have lately adopted a stricter secrecy in their communications and actions than formerly.

JAIL-BREAKING AT HAMILTON.—Escape of the Notorious Burglar Jeffrey and Another Prisoner.—The excitement which has been recently caused in Hamilton by numerous daring attempts at burglary, culminated on Sunday on the announcement that "Jim Jeffrey," the head of the gang of burglars exposed by the detective officer Armstrong, had been taken out of the preceding night, and in company with one Mathewson, a criminal, had made good his escape. The Hamilton Spectator gives the following account of the affair:—

"An examination of the cell window revealed the manner of the escape. It was cell number 13 on the second flight, the cell had been occupied by these people, and the window, small as it was, was made the means of exit. Two of the

prisoners were found to be cut with a saw, which, from the appearance of the cut, had been kept well concealed during the operation to prevent noise. One of the bars was removed altogether, and the other put back to one side. The marks of the cut indicated that one bar had been cut from the inside and the other from the outside, a circumstance which leads to the conviction that Jeffrey had accomplices outside who assisted him in his efforts to get off. Two blankets were sewn together, the seams in the bed ticks and probably a pointed stick, being used for the purpose, thus a ladder was made about fourteen feet long. One end was wrapped round the stump of the saved bar, and the other end hanging out. It is evident that having cut the bars, and sewed the blankets together, the prisoners hid themselves out, and slid down by the blankets on to a pile of wood which lay under the window, and which contained some of the jail and then at right angles from it to the fence facing the rear of the jail-yard. Once landed on this pile of wood it was an easy operation to reach the fence, and then there must have been accomplices without. In the street, with a lantern, he which the rebels reached the ground. Once down, it was altogether likely that there were fast races in waiting, and by this time Jeffrey and his companions are doubtless in the United States. What makes the escape more remarkable is that there must have been some sort of assistance within the walls, in the state of Jeffrey's health. His limbs were so frightfully swollen as to make it difficult for him to move about. Looking at the hole through which he passed, it seems almost impossible to imagine that he could have been dragged through it. The desperate stratagem in which he felt himself placed, and the equally desperate anxiety of help outside, who drew to the day of their doom his appearance in the dock, led to the conclusion that he was induced to peep upon them, were sufficient inducement to justify a very great effort for his release.

When the intelligence was spread abroad that Jeffrey had escaped, a feeling of excitement, coupled with a certain undercurrent sense of insecurity, pervaded the city. People asked themselves what would be the next step? They might well do it. For some time past, burglaries of a smaller or larger description have been of nightly occurrence, and no clue has been found to the perpetrators of them. That the city was infested by members of a well-organized gang is almost certain, and this escape, or more properly this rescue of Jeffrey, leaves us no longer in any doubt of it."

Two new papers, one French and the other English, are, it is said, about to be started in Ottawa.

There is to be an alteration in the British army uniform. Several changes will shortly be made in the infantry dress, more especially in that of the officers.

A MARVEL IN CHEAP TRAVELLING.—Between one and two thousand Frenchmen left Calais on the morning of September 12, were carried to and admitted into the Stylish Crystal Palace, the wonders and beauties of which they had leisure to enjoy, and were carried back to Calais in the evening. The journey and the entertainment cost each man only 4s. 2d.

A great deal is said about the extraordinary speed obtained by some new revenue cutters built for the American government, which of course are to beat "all creation" in speed. They will scarcely equal the new steamers between Dover and Calais, which have on several occasions made the trip between both ports at the rate of 23 miles an hour.

The Barrie Advance has a very doubtful story about a discovery of coal in Nottawasaga, by a company that was boring for oil. The coal bed is said to lie not more than 50 feet from the surface, and at last accounts a seam of coal eleven feet thick had been tapped, with no appearance of having got to the bottom of the layer.

The Halifax Citizen gets off the following good thing at our expense:—"A Canadian contemporary having a slim sort of scriptural education evidently says that the 'maritime visitors' at present in Canada, will return like the Hebrew spies from Canaan—with a good report of the land. Perhaps so; but our contemporary has forgotten that the spies, while they praised the land—gave a very bad account of the inhabitants!"

There is a good deal of excitement in the Eastern Townships with respect to gold quartz and copper deposits. Some valuable discoveries of the latter mineral have been made in the townships of Bolton and Pelton.

The "Loyal Canadian Society" celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Queenstown Heights by a dinner at Grimby on Friday last. The affair passed off very creditably, a number of loyal and interesting speeches being made. This was the thirteenth annual dinner, which was organized to perpetuate the memory of the veterans of 1812.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

(Concluded.)

For several days I did my best to get a message to Jenny, but failed. At last I hit upon a plan of communication. Major Shorter's house was built directly on the street, and as he had forbidden me to darken his doors, I resolved to make use of the windows, which, as somebody very justly remarks, "are just as good as doors, provided they have no nails in them to tear your breeches." On the next Sunday night I stationed myself in the shadow of the doorway of the church, and as Jenny came by, accompanied by her father, I managed to slip a note into her hand. In it I revealed my plan to her, and as she passed out of church, a bright look which she gave me signified her willingness to adopt it.

Every evening after this, at dusk, when I passed Major Shorter's house, I found one of the parlour windows slightly raised, and Jenny sitting by it, hidden in the heavy curtain. I would slip into her hand a note with which I had provided myself before leaving home, receive one in return, press her hand, and be off before her father could see me. This continued for about three weeks, when it was broken up by a rather unpleasant occurrence.

One evening I had gone with my note as usual, and had placed my hand in the window when it was suddenly seized in a vice-like grasp, and the old Major thundered, as he threw up the window.

"Now, you scoundrel, I've got you, have I? I'll make you remember me, you in-pud at villain!" And with that he almost crushed my hand. I yelled with pain.

"It hurts, does it?" growled the old man, savagely. "Not so soft and tender as the hand you expected to squeeze, you vill in'."

Before this I had been too much surprised to speak now I cried out angrily: "Let my hand alone, Major Shorter. What right have you to treat me in this manner?"

"Right!" he shouted, "right! Zounds, sir, what right have you to stick your hand in at my window. I've a notion to have you arrested as a thief!"

"Take care, sir," I exclaimed, trying to wrench my hand from him. "You may regret this!"

"Wait till I get out there, and I'll make you regret it!"

He released my hand, and started to come out after me, but I did not wait for him. I had no desire to get into a fuss with him, so I took to my heels.

The next day I received a note from the major. It was short and sweet, and somewhat to this effect:

"Sir:—You are an impudent blackguard. In charging you last night I fell and hurt my leg, which prevents me from seeing you this morning. I write now to inform you that if I catch you lurking around my house, again, I shall certainly shoot you."

"Very res; cuttfully yours,

"JOHN SHORTER."

This letter, especially after my experience of the previous night, made me feel very uncomfortable, but I comforted myself with the reflection that you must catch a man before you can hang him. I set to work to devise another plan, and when I had arranged it to my satisfaction, communicated it to Jenny by slipping a note into her hand at church.

In the rear of Major Shorter's dwelling was an alley. The back building extended to this alley, and I asked Jenny in my note to tie her letters to a string and throw them from the window after dark. I would then get them, and tie my letters to the string in return. This worked admirably for a while, but, like the other, was not to last long. One evening I had just tied my letter to the string, when I was startled by a loud "bang" from the window above, and a snarling in my hands. Away I sped, followed by another report. I heard the old man shouting after me, but did not wait to hear what he had to say. When I got home I examined my hands, which smarted painfully, but the wounds were very slight; the major had evidently loaded the gun with salt, which, while it was quite painful at first, was not dangerous. I was sorely tempted to retaliate in kind, but the reflection that such a course might lose me Jenny, determined me to take it as quietly as possible. I encountered the major on the street the next day, but although he called to me that he wished to see me, I avoided him. I had had enough of him for some time to come.

I did not see or hear from Jenny for at least a month after this. At last I received a note from her one morning, telling me to come to the house that night, that her father had left the city, and would not return until the next day.

When night came I hastened to the house, and was met by Jenny at the door. I spent a pleasant even-

ing with her, and was just rising to go away, when we heard the front door open.

"O dear, there's papa now. What shall we do?" exclaimed Jenny, in alarm.

We had no time to lose, so I told her to be quiet, and concealed myself behind the sofa.

The major came in directly after, and seeing Jenny's anxious and startled look, at once suspected the cause of it. He seated himself upon the sofa behind which I was concealed, and I heard him give an angry grunt. It was clear my presence was known to him.

"Jenny, dear," said he, "go into the kitchen and tell Tom to bring me a bucket of hot water."

"Shall I tell him to take it up to your room, papa?" asked Jenny, tremulously.

"No, dear, tell him to bring it here."

"In the parlour, papa?" she began. He cut her short, and replied, sharply:

"Yes, in the parlour. Tell him to be quick about it. Go along, girl. What are you hesitating about?"

Jenny left the room. As she went out I heard her crying. I was confident that the old man would scold me, and I had no idea of waiting quietly for him to do so. Still it was too easy a matter to retreat. I glided up over the sofa, to take a look at the state of affairs. The major was sitting with his back to me, and his face to the door through which Jenny had disappeared. He knew well where I was concealed, but he paid no attention to me, so sure was he that he had me in his clutches. My position was desperate, and so was the resolution I formed.

While his back was still turned to me, I sprang to my feet, and giving the sofa a push, sent the major sailing over on the floor, and before he could regain his feet, I had passed through the parlour door, and looked it on the outside. Calling to Jenny to come and release her father, I left the house and returned home.

Feeling assured that the major would call on me in no very amiable mood the next morning, I left town to avoid seeing him. When I returned, I learned that he had been to my office, and had vowed vengeance against me. I continued to keep out of his way, however, until his wrath subsided, for it was not to my interest to meet him.

After this, I did not see Jenny for a long time. At last, I could stand the separation no longer, so I wrote to Jenny to stay at home the next Sunday morning, and I would see her while her father was at church.

On the appointed day I was at the house, fully intending to go away before the major should return. Unfortunately, however, I overstayed my time, as usual, and the major came in so suddenly that he cut off my retreat. It was useless to attempt to hide in the parlour, for he knew my tricks too well by this time, so I hurried out of the door leading to the back part of the house, and seeing the door to the cellar open, bolted into it. I had hardly got down the stairs, when he came to the door.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, "so you are here again."

"It seems so, sir," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"How long do you expect to stay?" he asked.

"I was about to go as you came in, I said. I may as well do so now."

"Not yet," he said, sharply. "You seem so fond of my house that I'll give you more of it than you bargained for. I warrant you, however, you'll not find my cellar as comfortable as my parlour."

With this he turned off and looked the door on me. I looked around the cellar for some other mode of egress, but could find none. It was a close, well-built cellar, lighted by only one grated window. It was clean and well arranged, but quite cool. Finding that I had no means of escape, I seated myself on a box, and tried to make the best of my condition. In a short time I discovered that the major's stock of wine was stored in the cellar. Selecting a bottle of prime old port, I took out the stopper with my knife, and paid my respects to it. I had no idea how long I was to be kept there.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the door at the head of the stairs opened, and Major Shorter made his appearance.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, mockingly, "how do you like your quarters?"

"Very much, sir," I replied, with an air of unconcern. "I say, major, this is capital old port you have here."

"Thunder!" shouted the major, "you have not been to my wine, have you?"

"I have taken the liberty to enliven the monotony of my position," I answered, laughing.

"You have the advantage of me there," said the major, after a pause. "You are not worth a bottle of port. Come up, and I'll let you go home."

"I assure you I am very well satisfied, sir," replied I.

"Come up, and be off from here, I say," exclaimed the old man, angrily.

I went up stairs, carrying with me the bottle which I had been drinking. As I reached the top of the stairs, the old man broke into a laugh.

"You have been too much for me to-day, Sir," he said. "Go home now, and don't repeat your few days after this. I received a note from telling me that her father was about to take Europe, with the hope of getting rid of me, but night matters to a crisis, and I determined to settle her father's unjust opposition, and take responsibility of marrying."

Everything was in readiness. The carriage was at the cross street near Jenny's home, and I was near the door for her. She came out soon, and hurried to the carriage. It was quite dark yet, and, helping Jenny into it, I ordered the driver to take us to the Rev. Mr. ———'s house. I had hardly gotten into the carriage, when someone on the front seat, whom I had not noticed, said, very quietly: "Upon my life, this is cool."

Jenny gave a scream of alarm, and I recalled the voice of Major Shorter. He had discovered plans, and had taken his seat in the carriage for the purpose of thwarting them.

"And so you two fools are going to be married without my consent?"

"You have unjustly withheld it, Major Shorter," said I, "and we have determined to act for ourselves. You have no right to act towards us from groundless prejudices."

I expected an angry retort, but the old man replied very mildly when he replied:

"I have been thinking during the last half Mr. Sturgis," he said, "that I have not acted about the matter. I will be just towards you, now, and let the carriage take us home, and I will see me in the morning. I promise you, shall have no cause to complain of me."

He held out his hand to me; I took it most graciously, and bidding both parties good night, left the carriage.

The next day I called on the major, and before long we arranged matters to our entire satisfaction. He agreed to put me on probation for six months more, and promised that if at the end of time I was steady and deserving, Jenny should be my wife. I passed the ordeal, married Jenny, and had a better friend than her father proved.

Hearers, is how I won my wife. No doubt you will rat er a queer courtship; and so it was; I brought me a dear, good wife."

Uncle Richard fell to poking the fire again, and we all listened to the storm once more.

VARIETIES.

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

The wife of the Channel Fleet, have invented unspeakably humorous device of pronouncing well-worn phrase, the *entente cordiale*, as the "au cordial."

A sentimental young lady having asked a gentleman why he did not secure some food one's comfort across the ocean of life, replied that he would do were he cert in that said ocean would be Pacific.

A man named McCormick, 115 years old, lives in New Windsor, N. Y. He has lived on potatoes, corned beef and cabbage, has worked hard and done little water or anything else.

A water-resort in the forest of Chantilly tore up hundred trees in five minutes.

In prosperity it is the ease of all things to find a friend; in adversity it is of all things the most difficult.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step one to the other, and that very slippery; lying makes the difference; add it to cunning and knavery.

A curious project is talked of, nothing less than bringing water from the Severn to London in pipes. There is no practical obstacle, it is said, it is only a question of money.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a lady, as she looked down constrictor in a show, "why the skin of the torso is of a regular tarantula pattern." "It is, dear," remarked her husband, "and this is Shakespeare alluded to when he talked about a being 'scotched.'" This matches the Cockney blue-boy, who thought that a gentleman, whom he in Highland costume, had been "fired."

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A correspondent of the New York Herald tells a cock-and-a-half story about the fears caused in Canada in consequence of the doings of the Fenian Brotherhood. A rail into Canada may be among the follies contemplated by the Fenians, but assuredly they are not slinking at the thought of it. Canadians are prepared for all of the Brotherhood who can possibly come over with hostile intent, and in providing a suitable reception for them will be aided by the great mass of our Catholic fellow-subjects, who are as loyal to the country as they are indifferent to the vapourings of Irish-Yankee Fenians.—*Leader*.

New York, Oct. 25.—A number of eminent Italians, residents of this city, on Saturday waited upon the President with a petition from the Italian executive committee of Milan for the abolition of capital punishment, in behalf of mercy to Jefferson Davis. The President received the petition with only the inquiry, in an accent of surprise, "They plead for Jefferson Davis?"

THE MADOC MERCURY
AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

The telegraphic summary of news by the Hibernian does not make it quite clear whether the American Minister in England,—in informing Earl Russell that his government "cannot avoid entailing the responsibility upon Great Britain" for the damages caused to American commerce by Confederate cruisers during the late civil war,—has actually made a formal demand for payment of those losses; but it is certain that Earl Russell, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, has decidedly declined to make reparation and compensation for captures made by the *Alabama*. The *Daily News* and the *Star*, which are very American in their "proclivities," are alarmed lest the friendly relations between England and America may be disturbed by the dispute, and by a deliberate attempt by the Americans to exact payment for the losses from England; but it does not appear that Mr. Adams persisted in the demand—if he made it at all—but contented himself with a threat "that if the doctrines and pretences of the British Government are allowed to become the rule, the United States will not be the greatest losers thereby." However "serious in tone" the compiler of the summary may deem Mr. Adams' reply, we do not suppose that "Her Majesty's Government" consider that remark a preliminary to a declaration of war.

This new "difficulty" between the United

States and Great Britain will no doubt be made use of by those in this Province who desire annexation, as a fresh proof that Canada's only danger from her neighbourhood to the Republic lies in her connection with the mother country. We are inclined, however, to think that we are in very little danger so far as the Americans themselves are concerned; and that although they allow the Fenians to hold their Congress in Philadelphia, where they amuse themselves with creating a new government, consisting of a "Senate, President, military, naval and financial bureaux with secretaries of treasury and of war," issuing bonds of the Irish Republic, &c., the U. S. Government would very soon put a stop to their nonsense, if the Fenians, now they have made a complete fizzle of it in Ireland, should attempt to carry out their rumoured intention of seizing upon British North America. Just so long as these Provinces remain "British," we have a pretty good guarantee that no organized military force of the Fenians will ever be allowed to cross the frontier.

Those amongst the Americans who desire to annex Canada would not desist, even if we were separated from Great Britain. As it is they are even now advising us that it would be better to join the Union now, and so avoid the contingency of war, which may arise out of the smuggling from Canada, in which Americans indulge at the present time, on account of their own excessive duties on foreign importations.

With Confederation, internal and external free trade, and direct taxation, the British American Province would soon become the most flourishing country in the world. The impediments in the way of our realizing that prosperity will not come from Great Britain and our connection with her, but are much more likely to be found in the jealousy, with which the United States will regard our freedom from the burdens they have entailed upon themselves by prosecuting their late struggle. The pressure of those burdens will, however, deter them from rashly rushing into another war.

Return of the Rev. D. Wishart.

We are happy to announce that Mr. Wishart and his family have returned safely from their visit to Scotland, and are again in Madoc, where they arrived on Thursday night.

Mr. Wishart's return, which has been delayed for a longer time than was at first expected, has been most cordially welcomed by his people, who have presented him with a new buggy, worth \$100, a new set of harness, and a sufficient sum to purchase a cutter; and the boys of the Sabbath school have contributed a buffalo robe. Total value, \$400.

The Rev. gentleman will fill his pulpit at the Presbyterian Church on Sabbath, the 29th inst.

The Railway Controversy.

Mr. Flint is out with another letter of nearly three columns' length in the *Chronicle*, and Mr. T. C. Wallbridge with a third communication of a little over a column, in the same paper. Each sticks to his own view of the subject, and generally flatly contradicts the positions assumed by the other. Mr. Flint declines at this time to enlighten his opponent as to the price at which the proprietors of the Marmora Iron Works were willing to amalgamate with the Railway Company; and asserts that Mr. L. Wallbridge said to him—"You know we can't get the land now, so you had better drop the bill, as I in the meantime we can buy mineral lands," to which Mr. Flint objected.

We suppose the paper warfare will now end, as Mr. Flint says—

"I have not done with Mr. W. yet. We must face to face before our constituents this thing is finally disposed of, and all I want is a week's notice after the Assizes are over, to meet him before the public, either here or elsewhere."

And Mr. T. C. Wallbridge also announces his readiness to meet his acquiescer in any place in the vicinity, from Rosin to Marmora, from Braxwater, or in the Town Hall of Belleville, which he has accurately measured his men prepared for them singly or collectively, at and in any place.

The Hematite Iron of Madoc.

To the Editor of the Madoc Mercury.

Sir,—I know from the impartiality which you shown in the controversy between the Hon. Mr. and the member for North Hastings, that you in mind always the true interests of your country. I send you what I think will be a valuable information to most of your readers, namely results attained from the small consignments of hematite iron ore which the member for the Riding and I myself sent to Three Rivers to be tested. The pig iron, &c., has not yet reached here when it does, it can be seen at Mr. William H. Bridge's Foundry in Belleville, where he will be prepared for the inspection of all who desire to judge of its quality.

Yours very truly,

L. WALLBRIDGE

(Copy.)

RAILWAY FORGES OFFICE.

THREE RIVERS, 15th Oct. 1865.

Hon. L. WALLBRIDGE, Belleville.

DEAR SIR,—We now have the pleasure of enclosing you Bill of Lading per Grand Trunk Railway of pig iron, together with one cwt. per ton, and a piece of iron showing chill, being a sample of iron ore sent us by you; and we are glad to see your engineer's letter on that subject. In order that you are a fair trial, we were obliged to defer melting of it much later than you seem to have anticipated. We in the first place, ran out our furnace and put on your ore the first thing in making a new one; and as you will see by our engineer's letter, being the very nearly being stopped through our burning previously. We send you only 10 pigs of iron, which we will despatch you as you advise as to you receive it. We were not able to smelt up the whole of the ore, for the reason stated in our engineer's letter; and of course while the furnace was that state, there was necessarily a large proportion of the ore drawn out crude instead of being melted in iron, as it would have done had it been roasted. You will observe, our engineer considers it to produce very good iron for the production of Railway axles, wheels, and we have no doubt, if you decide upon building furnaces, we could purchase largely of you.

I enclose acknowledgment receipt; and any other information you may require we shall have pleasure in supplying you.

We remain, Dear Sir,

Your obedient servants,

A. LA RUE & CO.

(Copy of Engineer's Letter.)

MESSRS. A. LA RUE & CO.

GENTLEMEN.—We have the Upper Canada ore, and find that it will make a good quality of iron for making wheels, when the ore has been properly prepared. Before putting it in the furnace, it will require to be roasted. We tried it in the rough state, as we had no convenience to roast it, and it came near clogging the furnace. We were obliged to dip the iron out, as we could not tap it, it was too much clogged. I sent you 10 pigs, one bake pan, one piece of chill cast directly from the blast furnace. The ore, when properly prepared, will yield 50 per cent, and make a good quality of iron. I remain, Yours truly,

J. S. SCOTT.

Supporting a Pig.—John Curick, of Madoc, was charged on Friday, the 20th inst., before A. F. Wood and J. Dale, Esqs., with maliciously shooting a dog, the property of Daniel O'Donnell, of Huntingdon. It appeared from the evidence that defendant was returning from gunning, at Hog Lake, on Wednesday, the 19th inst., in company with Willie Kirk, who was

EDNA FAIRLEIGH'S TEMPTATION.

'Yes, it is hard, very hard, my child; but God ruleth.'

Mrs. Fairleigh kissed the pale face of her daughter, Edna, as she stooped to arrange the shawl about her shoulders, and a half-suppressed sigh stirred the folds of her mourning wrapper.

'I know, mother; but it is, at times, so difficult to realize it. Heaven, and its sweet glory, seem so very far away. But I will hope always for the best. If the worst does come, I think I can manage to keep us comfortable. You know Mr. Jameon gives me a little more for my work, and I could have some shoes to bind from Barley's.'

'My poor Edna!'
'Nay, mother, am I not happy in toiling for you? It is well to have something for which to labour. And now, good morning; I'll not be gone long, it is so very pleasant I can go across the fields. It lessens the distance full half a mile.'

Edna Fairleigh put on her faded shawl, and tied the meagre ribbons of her hat, with a rebellious heart. She could not remember when she had felt so very hard and stubborn. There was no spirit of resignation, no steady faith, no hopeful trust, in the tenebrous lines of the white face that looked at her out of the glass. She sorely recognized herself.

Life had not been beautiful to her for many years. Do you know what it is to be filled with a fervid appreciation of all the rich, rare loveliness of earth's fair things, to hear continually within the dumb cry of the hungry soul for the tender beauty we know life sometimes holds? To worship all the perfect gorgeousness of the sunset skies, yet never dare to revel in their splendour? To shrink from the m. lting touch of the south wind, because to drink in its ripe breath might hinder the toil that is necessary to keep life in the pulses of one you love more than your own happiness?

Four years Edna had spent in this way. A daily struggle with the world for bread—bread for herself and her feeble mother. Early and late she toiled at the coarse garments given her to make from the great clothing establishment at the village—poorly recompensed, sometimes saddled for mistakes and errors with which she had nothing to do. But this morning she felt more keenly than usual. And why? The twenty-fourth of June would see the Fairleighs homeless, and that fatal day was only distant another sun! A few words will explain whatever of their little history the reader will care to learn.

Arthur Fairleigh, Edna's father—now four years dead—had been a gardener on the estate of Ralph Wilmot, the miserly master at the hall. Fairleigh had once been wealthy himself, but by a series of misfortunes he was reduced to penury, and was glad to accept the tolerably lucrative situation offered him by Mr. Wilmot. Oak Cottage, the present residence of his widow and daughter, was then vacant; and there Mrs. Fairleigh took up his abode, with the understanding that it should be his when he had paid the proprietor a certain sum of money agreed upon.

Failing to show receipts for the full amount—so ran the bond of agreement—the estate of Oak Cottage should, on the 24th of June, 1854, belong to Ralph Wilmot, provided he still survived; but in the event of his death before the said 24th, the whole property should revert to Arthur Fairleigh and his heirs forever. Mr. Fairleigh had been to make his last payment, when he was seized with paralysis while yet in the presence of Mr. Wilmot; and three days afterward he expired at the hall, remaining speechless and motionless to the last.

After the funeral obsequies were over, Mrs. Fairleigh, searching among her late husband's papers, found Mr. Wilmot's receipts up to the time of the last payment. The final receipt in full was not among them. She applied for it to Mr. Wilmot, but the miserly man disclaimed all knowledge of the reception of the money, and coolly told her that he should abide by his agreement. She need expect nothing more at his hands.

Four years longer, Oak Cottage was hers, and the only chance of her getting justice lay in the very uncertain prospect of Mr. Wilmot's death before the expiration of the time mentioned in the bond. These years had passed now, and with each succeeding week, Mrs. Fairleigh had grown weaker. Upon Edna's labour the existence of the family depended.

As the time drew nigh which was to turn them into the world shelterless, Edna went to plead with Mr. Wilmot for a little extension of the time, that she might look about for lodgings; but was harshly refused. Oak Cottage, he said, was already rented, and the new tenant would arrive on the 25th of June. He did not deem hospitable to shelter people who could not pay for them.

Edna turned away from his presence full of fierce

rebellion. It all looked so cruelly unjust to her. The rich, childless old man refusing them so little out of his great plenitude! refusing them the heritage her father had laboured for so faithfully, and for which she knew the last dollar had been paid. It is little wonder that, thinking over their wrongs, she should cry secretly, 'Oh that God's judgment might fall upon him!'

A little afterward, when she had prayed earnestly for strength, she asked for Ralph Wilmot mercy in stead of judgment; but for all that, though she forgave him, she could not forget. And this far June morning she took her way across the blossoming clover fields, to the distant village, with bitterness in her heart. Her pale cheek flushed hectic crimson with the violent haste of her step, and her dark eye burned bright with the smouldering passion within. She could not stop to smell the sweet clover, or listen to the tender voices of the robins in the tall old trees; it would be so much time taken from her work, and she must improve every moment now. The murmur of running water broke on her ear. She must cross Stony Brook, a will little stream that divided the meadow land from the high hills on which the village was situated.

Absorbed in her own painful reflections, she did not look up until she was close upon the small bridge spanning the stream at this point, two old rotten planks only, and the recent heavy rains had swollen the brook to the proportions of a river. It flowed on over the rocks, snow white, and broken into a thousand spray wreaths, making the fragile bridge tremble and shake like a reed. She looked up just as she was setting foot on the plank, and simultaneously, a frenzied cry for help rang out on the air.

Edna saw it all—understood it all at a glance. She saw the swift rush of that human figure downward; saw the agonized expression of the wrinkled face, framed in by masses of long white hair, and pleading for salvation with its filmy eyes. And, looking down to see where the waters had covered it up all from her sight, Edna Fairleigh knew that Ralph Wilmot's life was at her mercy! Her heart stood still. Every faculty was swallowed up in the one fearful thought that swept through her mind! It was the 28th of June—if he died that day, Oak Cottage was theirs!

An old man, unloving, unloved, miserly, cruel, and a curse to the world! There would be none to weep for him, none to sink down stricken at his death! The temptation assailed her with a mighty force—her brain whirled, she tottered, and would have fallen, but for the frantic clutch she made on the stunted willow by her side.

A moment only, and then, with a gigantic effort, she cast out the foul impulse. She would do what she could, God helping her!

The bank was steep and rough, but Edna had been brought up in the country, where agility is fostered. She ran fleetly down, and stepped into the water. The strong purpose within hardened her woman's nerves to steel; she put fear away from her, and thought only of saving the man who had so oppressed her family. His snowy hair floated upon the surface, she rushed toward it, swayed almost off her feet by the mad plunging of the current. She caught him by the arm, he felt the touch and grasped her convulsively, clinging to her garments, and drawing her under the water to be dashed fiercely against the sharp rocks. Still, she did not relinquish her hold on him. The tide swept them on together! With that fearful clog upon her strength, she felt that her condition was hopeless. If she should strike him off, she could save herself! She cast away the suggestion with utter loathing. Save herself at the expense of another! Never! She uttered a prayer for her mother, her sight grew dim, her strength was weakness, she was submitting to her fate! Suddenly she felt the smart out of a tree branch against her face, and with a last frantic effort she clutched at it as she was borne along beneath. The strong will hazel did not break—it held firmly—and a moment afterward Edna was lying exhausted upon the shore of the stream, with the inanimate form of Ralph Wilmot at her side.

A moment to recover her breath, and then Edna turned her efforts toward the old man's recovery. She laboured long and faithfully with the means at her command, and at last she was rewarded by seeing his eyes unclose, and his chest heave with suppressed respiration. He sat upright and looked at her, but there was no trace of grateful feeling on his hard, cold face. He pushed her away roughly.

'There, enough of that. Go about your business.'

Edna did as she was bidden, wondering, within herself, if Ralph Wilmot were human.

The ensuing day, the Fairleighs received formal notice to vacate Oak Cottage; and in obedience to

the mandate, they removed to meagre lodgings in a crazy old house in the village.

The new tenant took possession of the hall, and Edna's life of toil grew drearier every day. Her mother's health suffered from the removal, the severing of olden ties and affecting exceedingly painful to her, and she died soon from the shock as Edna hoped she would.

One day the intelligence spread abroad that Wilmot was dead. The servant, on going to master to breakfast, had found him seated in his chair before his writing-table, dead. His eyes were wide open, one hand in his bosom, and the other holding a massive document, which, on examination, was found to be a will, dated on the twenty-first of the preceding June, and it was now the first of October.

The pompous funeral over, the heirs-at-law assembled to the reading of the will, and their astonishment when it was found that the testator's entire possessions, without reserve, save legacies to the servants, were bequeathed to Edna Fairleigh.

"I offer this in token," thus ran the will, "in gratitude to this woman, who taught me that something beside selfishness in humanity. She saved my life at her mercy; my death would have profitably benefited her and hers, and yet she took advantage of her power, but perilled her existence to save mine."

The heirs retired aghast, and in due time took possession of Wilmot's Hall.

She did good with the fortune left in her charge. Having known the pangs of poverty herself, she loved them always in others; and through her ministrations, Philip Wilmot's wealth existed in vain.

VARIETIES.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself.

The most unpleasant vocation in the world is vocation.

Why cannot two slender persons ever be great friends?—Because they will always be acquaintances.

There are three things a man never gets tired looking at:—the sky, the sea, a woman's face, because they are never two days together alike.

What is the use of sighing and weeping as you down the stream of time? Why make the voyager a waiting voyage?

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of English poets, forgot the word, and said "de la crème des poètes." A wag said that he had fairly picked up the English language.

The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom of the ladies, which is set in motion by a cone of spring, when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

If you should happen to meet a friend in need, remember that you do not know how soon you need a friend.

Three things only are essential to happiness, namely: Something to do; something to love; and something to hope for.

A New Bedford lady astonished a Boston pocket by the point of interrogatory, "Why do you put your hand in my pocket, when I have my hand here in my hand?"

"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of any man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece. To which the young lady replied, "The reason, dear aunt, is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

A girl who was making a dress put the sleeve wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

There is a woman in Charlestown, N.H., who has a large collection of tame toads in her yard. She knows their mistress, follows her about, and hops in and out to bed, and at the word of command arranges themselves in a perfect circle round her feet.

"I've heard, captain," said an English traveller on the deck of a steamer running on the Upper Mississippi, "that your Western steamboats can run very shoal water—where, in fact the water is not more than two or three feet deep?" "Two or three feet deep!" exclaimed the captain, in tones of contempt; "why, we wouldn't give a glass of gin for a boat out here that couldn't run on the water pitcher!"